













Mr. Murray having paid his two thousand

ways away from the depths of the most passionate man affections, and consists either in a Dutch pass accuracy in describing the surfaces and outer aspects of domestic life—in the development of some individual character, or of some family history—in the statement of some moral or economical principle; or, in the rendering of the harsher passions. Consider, for instance,—to choose a foreign instance—Miss L with Mrs. Carlen, and the terrible heart-struggle the "Birthright" with the sweet "*intérieurs*," French would say, of the "*Home*" or the "*Intérieur*."

hours," and you will soon see the difference. There has, indeed, entered into life's heart-battle: this has looked at it from far, or paints it at a second hand.

*North British Review.*

THE SUFFERINGS OF MADAME KOSUTH. — Her sufferings and privations endured by the wife of the hero, after the treachery of Gorgey had been traitorated were even more severe than those of her husband. She had all along suspected Gorgey, and to Villagos on the day of his surrender, to write to her, and to ask her to go with him, she knew her. It was with difficulty the emperor of the Austrian government offered a reward of florins for her apprehension, and the Walla-

devastating the country, now that the Hungarians was no more. It was only by the true hearted Hungarian peasantry that she escaped. She describes in the book just published by the Publisher, the flight of the family from the village in the evening, with three horses: we reached Inn, but we were not admitted there; terror and trust were spread everywhere. The officer threatened the innkeeper with violence, if he refused shelter to a dying woman, who was fleeing the Wallacks, hence the door was opened. They hurried me to the room, and put me on the bed. The innkeeper's family was rough and sullen, and stupidly at us; they did not like us as guests. The innkeeper's wife was good, and she alone gave me the Wallack's approaching. The innkeeper began to pack up his furniture, and dressed-cloth from under me in order to hide it.

me on bare straw. My glance fell on the wall, and the well-known portrait of my father, with his mild countenance, looked down upon me. I felt as if I were in the presence of a dead man, and contrasted it with my wretched condition. Scarcely were we fifteen miles on our way, when soldiers came up to our carriage and stopped it, having orders to escort you to the nearest magistratus. 'Why?' asked I. 'Because you are denounced as travelling under assumed names.' It was a very disagreeable moment, but no choice was left me. I was in a small room, and there was the town house, and the magistratus's hall. We had to wait in the ante-room, and within a few minutes were summoned before the magistratus. He stood at his desk, in a dignified manner—a stout man, with a high forehead, and a stern, but not a harsh, and, in a solemn way, he said: 'Look at this gentleman, you are accused of travelling under

sumed names. This is a serious charge, and immediately upon under the 'Inquest.' You had better be careful of your words, and stick to the fact. After this preamble he turned toward and inquired, putting a pair of spectacles over his eyes, 'What is your name?' 'Mary Smith,' I said with a light smile. 'Mary Smith?' he said with astonishment and looked at me. 'Mary Smith?' why this is really the name of the person whom I met. 'From Pesth.' 'Where to, Senilla?' 'For what purpose?' 'To visit the friends of one of my answers, he again looked at me, and said, 'Austria?' 'No, Hungary is correct.' After Mrs. W. and Mr. W. had gone through the same process, the man turned to the sergeant, and sternly reproached him for his treatment of the people, and that those whose passports were entirely regular had then towards us, and dismissed us, with an air that he had detained us. The sergeant grumbled.

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after that omeiser of men. Permit me briefly to say that our local situation is not unlike some of our country paragonages in the North of England, where the air is so rich foliage peculiar to a tropical tree, which is

'Dressed in living green and never falling flowers, as we should rather say, of flowers that are replaced as often as they fade. We were greatly and agreeably surprised with our new home. The church is a sort of white free-stone; the school-house is comfortable; the climate is a little too English for comfort in this climate. We have a garden of some three acres, surrounded by a hedge of and stately old trees, which, if my (English) ears were true, would draw from them exclamations of commendation. We have a fine plain, with a view all round us on three sides, and the shores of the sea, eight miles distant. The people are kindly and painful people. They are attentive hearers of

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that he had the right to publish the work; and Bessie sold them to M. Tubergue then, instead of using as waste paper, resolved to bring them out as a book. M. Proudhon, on hearing of this, complained that he had been deceived, and obtained the copies, of which he had 1,600 in number, to be destroyed. He then applied before the tribunal of commerce of Besançon against M. Tubergue, and obtained damages. M. Tubergue then, in order to avoid the law, had his bookseller appeal to the court of appeal of that city, and the case was argued a few days ago. It was then that he said of himself, that having bought the paper for nothing, he was not bound to give anything in return; and that, if the court should find him in the wrong, he was entitled to make out his petition for damages. He was, however, disappointed, and that M. Proudhon could have no satisfaction on him, as he had not treated with him, and as heesides he (Proudhon) had been paid for

one case, maintained that he had only sold the paper, not the property in the book. The court never held that the question of literary property was at issue, that the sole point was as the interpreter of the patent; and it decided that as Tubergue (the book dealer) had not re-purchased the sheets of paper had purchased without the condition being imposed that they were to be used as waste paper, without there being anything in them to indicate they were to be so employed, the judgment of the tribunal should be quashed. The demand of M. de la Roche, to be paid to him, was refused.

10. 12